PAM.
BIOG.

A SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH

OF

The Rev. Austin H. Wright, M. D.

PREACHED TO THE

FAMILIES OF THE NESTORIAN MISSION,

AT

OROOMIAH, PERSIA, FEB. 8TH, 1865.

By REV. J. PERKINS, D. D.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

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From the Records of the Nestorian Mission:

Voted, That Dr. Perkins be requested to furnish a copy of his Sermon preached in memory of our lamented Associate Dr. Wright, for the Archives, and also a copy for the use of the Prudential Committee.

J. H. SHEDD.

Feb. 11, 1865.

TO

The Stricken Widow and Orphans

OF

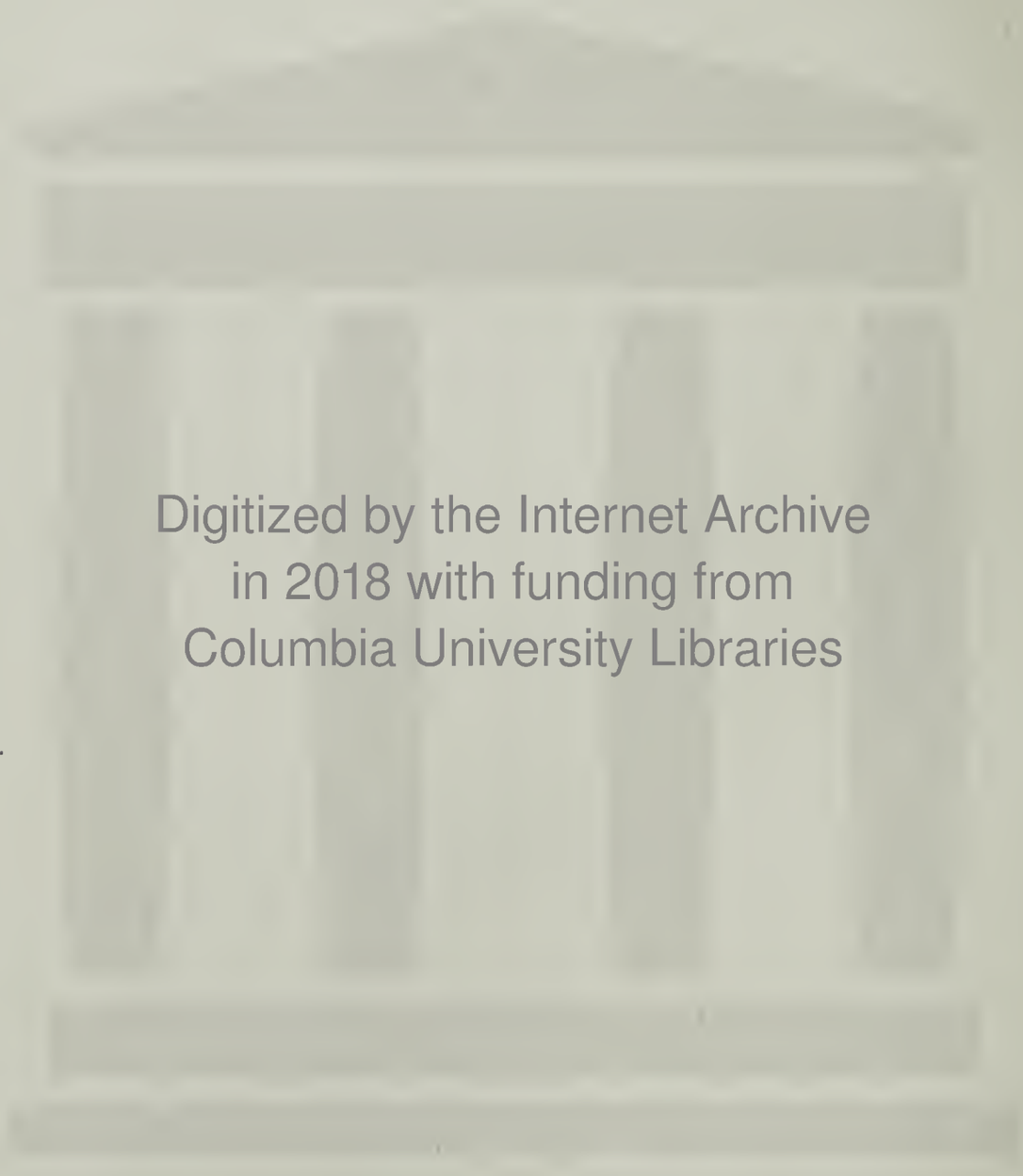
"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN,"

THIS SERMON

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY THEIR DEEPLY
SYMPATHIZING FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.



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SERMON.

"The beloved physician."—Col. iv. 11.
"The disciple whom Jesus loved."—John xix. 26

When these two Scripture quotations, among others, were read at our brother's interment, none present could help responding to their beautiful appropriateness to his case. It was said, by some one, of the late John Angel James, of Birmingham, that it took two apostles to describe him, John and James; and another facetiously added that it required also an *angel* between the two apostles. We have no heart to indulge in hyperbole on this solemn and mournful occasion. The remarkably faultless character of our departed brother needs none; nay, its transparent simplicity and scrupulously sensitive truthfulness forbid it. Nor have we come together mainly to pronounce, or hear pronounced a funeral eulogy, in the common acceptation of that term. Our tears are not yet dry since our communion, four months ago, was made a funeral occasion by the removal of Miss Fiske, who died far away. Now, added to that sore affliction, the pall of death has again fallen upon our circle in a yet more affecting form, suddenly taking from our midst our "beloved physician," "the disciple whom Christ loved."

It is then to weep and mutually condole, rather than to eulogize, that we are assembled to-day. Yet in doing so it is meet that we endeavor to catch a few glimpses of the pathway, mark some of the leading traits, and garner some of the precious memories of our brother, to enshrine them the more deeply in our hearts for our own benefit. And while we have no disposition to apply Scripture inappropriately in this or any other case, we need not conceal our impression of the suitableness of associating with his memory, in the choice of our text, the *two*

evangelists, Luke and John, not merely from the circumstance that he was a physician as well as a preacher, but also from the traits possessed respectively in common, whether we contemplate the deep and almost mysterious pathos of one of those evangelists, or the genial amiability and refined culture of the other.

On the late mournful occasion to which I have referred, it may be recollected that I uttered the prayer that I might never again be called to preach the funeral sermon of a younger associate. And could I properly have declined the appointment in this instance, I would have done so; not that the task is ungrateful to me ; it is quite the reverse, deeply trying as it is; but the *event* that occasions it is so sorrowful and so profoundly to be deplored. "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because *Thou* didst it."

The Rev. Austin Hazen Wright was born in Hartford, Vermont, Nov. 11, 1811. If any one of you, like the speaker, had crossed the Green Mountains from Middlebury, Vt., to Hanover, N. H., by the old stage route, leaving the former place in the afternoon, threading the wild gorges and ravines of that American Switzerland during the night, and issuing on the lower eastern slope at the White River village in Hartford, just with the rising sun, he might pronounce that one of the most charming localities on the face of the globe; combining a singularly rich variety of rural landscape, of mountain heights and cliff, and crag, and winding valley and velvet meadows, through which the silvery White River hastens onward to pour its limpid waters into the broader Connecticut, gliding transversely now just before us. About a mile south of that village, on the road, leading thence to Windsor, Dr. Wright first opened his eyes upon this world. His parents dying when he was quite young, he met the hard lot of an orphan, yet it was rendered much less hard in his case than that of most orphans, for he was adopted by his excellent maternal uncle—the Rev. Austin Hazen, the father of our late esteemed associate, Mrs. Stoddard, and of the Rev. Allen Hazen, missionary at Bombay. He had thus one of the best of homes and best of guardians, growing up in the attractive neighborhood where he was born,

under the tender and careful watch of that very estimable New England pastor. Our brother not only bore the name of that maternal uncle, but resembled him not a little in character, and, if I mistake not, also in person. It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of that good man during my first visit in America, more than twenty years ago, when he inquired of me most affectionately for "our dear brother Wright," as he called him, though he might have said "son," from personal likeness as well as from guardianship. Dr. Wright was trained in his childhood in the plain style of Puritan simplicity and frugality, the intelligent and intellectual pastor of the Green Mountain village, milking his own cow and tending his horse, and his filial ward, when old enough, rejoicing to assist him in those and similar duties.

He was fitted for college at the academy in Royalton, another mountain village, some ten or fifteen miles above his home, on the same romantic White River. Among his fellow pupils there was Mr. Chase, now Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

He entered Dartmouth College, which is but three or four miles from his birth-place, at the age of fifteen, being the youngest scholar in his class and in the college at that time. Prominent among his class-mates was Dr. A. D. Smith, late of New York, and now President of the college. He was not a *Christian* when in college, and though his good early education kept him from many of the temptations incident to his situation, he has often told me that he wasted his time there, being very fond of play, "*feeling*," thirty years afterward, "*the hard kicks*" at foot-ball of some of his youthful companions, and being too young to prize and improve his college advantages. If such, however, was the fact, his subsequent ten years of teaching and theological and medical study must have gone very far to redeem his lost time in college, and render him the accomplished scholar we have known him.

We recall the event of a powerful revival in Dartmouth College in 1826, when he was connected with it, in which he was more or less interested, and was the subject of much prayerful interest on the part of others. He has more than once men-

tioned to me a trifling incident in that connection. His cousin, the Rev. Ira Tracy, from the same Hartford, Vt., for some time a missionary to China, who was a year his senior in college, on visiting his room for religious conversation with him, took down from its shelf his Bible, and carefully blowing the dust from its cover, thus delicately conveyed a gentle admonition, which was a nail fastened in a sure place.

Graduating at Dartmouth College in 1830, he soon went to Virginia, and engaged in teaching more or less in a female seminary, and he remained in that State nearly ten years, up to the period of his embarking in the missionary work, that was to him not only a land of promise but also rich in blessings. There he found the pearl of great price. There he pursued his theological course in the excellent Union Seminary at Prince Edward. And there he studied medicine in the very ably officered University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. His recollections of his Southern sojourn were always most grateful. His associate in teaching there, for a period, now a professor in Dartmouth College, once playfully said of him that the only peril which Dr. Wright encountered in Virginia was that of a *handsome* young Northerner amid the hospitalities and amenities of Southern society. He, however, passed that ordeal unharmed—only *refined.*

Having thoroughly completed his preparations for his life work, he was ordained and returned to the North and took leave of his friends, and sailing at Boston, in March, 1840, he reached Oroomiah on the 25th of the following July. He came to us quite *alone*, having no missionary companion either on the ocean or on the land. He met his noble, heroic predecessor, Dr. Grant, at Ezroom, who had then just emerged from his stirring adventures in Koordistan, and was on his way to visit America. With characteristic modesty, our brother wrote to us from that city that he could never fill the place of that remarkable man. With the same unpretending modesty, in the matter of equipage, he surrendered himself on the road to his native guides and muleteers, without the comfort of even a tent, to be brought to Oroomiah in a caravan of merchandise, at their slow and capricious rates of travel, and was so long a

time on the way as to give us no little solicitude before his arrival.

About three years after he reached Oroomiah, it was my privilege to introduce to his acquaintance Miss Catharine A. Myers, who came out with us after our first visit to America, in company with Miss Fiske, as a teacher, a lady every way worthy of his heart and his hand, whom, just a year from the day of their first meeting, I united to him in marriage, in a room in my dwelling adjoining the one in which he expired—where we watched him so anxiously during his last sickness, and whence the angels conveyed his freed spirit to its mansion in heaven. In proportion as that conjugal union was one of the unspeakable blessings and untold happiness to both of them, must, of course, be the poignancy of that bitter grief which will pierce her stricken, desolate heart, when the sorrowful tidings now winging their way to her shall reach her and clothe her in sackcloth.

The beloved physician.

The disciple whom Jesus loved.

It is fitting that we glance somewhat particularly at the character and life of our brother, thus summarily indicated in these texts, which we may conveniently do by contemplating him as a *man*, as a *scholar*, as a *Christian*, and as a *missionary*.

I. Viewed as a man, it is quite superfluous to say here that Dr. Wright's natural talents were of a high order, and that the powers and faculties of his mind were finely balanced. And no one acquainted with him could doubt that he was also naturally one of the most gentle and amiable of mortals. In him, however, these traits were *positive;* far enough from that listless negation of character which they are supposed sometimes to import. His views and opinions were always clear and well defined; decidedly, yet modestly and courteously maintained, and firmly defended if occasion required.

There was a *completeness* in his character which we seldom behold in a human being, and which, in proportion to its rare symmetry, we find it difficult to describe in the absence of those salient points of more imperfect men, just as we find it more difficult to delineate a smooth sphere, or a level prairie,

than a rugged surface or a variated landscape. How much he was indebted to natural traits, and how much to educating and forming influences from without for such singular perfection of character, it is of course not easy to determine. Our impression is that he was much indebted to both. Born and reared under the shadow of the Green Mountains, whose very atmosphere inspires the stern and noble impulses of virtue, of Puritan pedigree, and under the strict religious training of a New England pastor, and there shaped to the straight lines and right angles of a New England college *curriculum*, we may conceive of him at his graduation as an approved sample of a Northern young gentleman a generation ago, of good public education and stainless morals, but lacking somewhat the ease and polish which were then less common in that latitude than in more Southern sections of our country, and which subsequently he so largely possessed.

At that still forming age, of nineteen or twenty, he is suddenly transferred to Richmond as a teacher, where he is cordially welcomed to the best circles—the Christian *elite* of that refined metropolis of the Old Dominion, moving freely in its elegant and excellent society for several years. Feeling the warmth of those ardent and generous temperaments, where, to use his own expression, the tables *groaned* under the weight of their hospitality, and receiving the strong impress of their unrivaled social accomplishments, his character, as if cast into an alembic, was fused, and in a measure re-crystalized to the finest models; yet all this without losing an iota of the sterling straightforwardness of his Northern birthright. Such I believe, in general, to have been the process in the formation of his character as a man, combining obviously very peculiar advantages, and producing results which we have all so much and so justly admired.

His accomplished manners thus acquired, which however had nothing of *mannerism*, contributed largely to fit him to fill so successfully, without the slightest affectation or embarrassment, every condition and every sphere to which duty subsequently called him. He was perfectly at home alike with the haughty Persian Moollah, the self-complaisant Prince, or the European

Ambassador. By all he was recognized as a man of rich and varied culture, of unpretending bearing—though always of assured self-possession, and of artless, unsophisticated urbanity, combined with rare discrimination and unswerving integrity.

Among the poor and uneducated on the other hand, such was the overflowing kindness of his heart, that he had not even to *condescend* to men of low estate to mingle with them, for he was one with them in feeling; and from the transparency of his character, seen to be such, he at once won their confidence and affection. None, high or low, could ever doubt his disposition to treat them kindly and do them good to the utmost extent in his power. Thus was he truly "a man greatly beloved."

Possessing such a character as a man, I hardly need state that we have found him a very social and most agreeable companion, always acting on the apostolic injunction, "Be courteous;" nay, more, very tender and considerate of the feelings of all others, hardly ever uttering an unadvised word, even under provocation, remarkably unselfish, unsuspecting, and pure-minded, eminently a *peace-maker*, yet equally truthful and honest, and always unwearied in his exertions to serve, to cheer, to comfort and to bless every member of our community, old or young.

Were we to attempt to gauge this beloved man in the relations of a husband and a father, we should find his heart a *great deep*, altogether unfathomable. Never probably did any man ever cherish a more yearning tenderness towards his wife and children, nor more uniformly and evenly exemplify it, with fewer ripples of feeling, by any disturbance of that great deep of affection. Often, in years subsequent to his marriage, has he expressed to me his gratitude for having been instrumental in bringing to Persia such a boon as that loving and faithful wife; an expression, however, to which I might deem myself little entitled, when I recall how much more God did, than any human instrument, in the arrangement and consummation of their union.

It can hardly be considered a defect, but rather a necessary consequence of a mental and moral constitution so tender as that of Dr. Wright, that he did not prominently possess some

of the sterner elements of manhood, which come in useful requisition in battling the hard conflicts of life, nor, least of all, on missionary ground. I recall that about four years after he reached our field, on being appointed with another of our number to visit Tehrau, if possible, to prevent the execution of the scheme of the French Jesuits, united with malevolent Persian officials, to break up our mission and effect our expulsion from the country, the appointment affected him to tears, while he touchingly begged to be excused from accepting it, remarking that he was *born a man of peace and not of war.* Not that he shrank from the physical exposures of a horseback journey, in winter, of more than a thousand miles both ways; but his modest timidity and sensitive spirit did shrink from the moral encounters which the enterprise involved. Unwelcome as was that undertaking to the speaker, I felt a peculiar satisfaction in relieving him of it.

As, however, his experience increased, and his character was disciplined and strengthened under the hard pressure of accumulated missionary duties and burdens, a pressure admirably fitted, if improved, to make the most of men, he long ago developed capabilities, not only for passive endurance, but also for active interference in most trying emergencies, unsurpassed by those of any other man ever connected with the mission, and which have been much oftener and much longer laid under contribution; and sometimes he has displayed a heroism, in such emergencies, bordering on the sublime. When, for instance, Mar Shimon, the late patriarch, was running his violent career of persecution at Oroomiah, and his ruffian satellites had beaten Mar Yohaunan and some others, on our mission premises, and he furiously threatened beating our personal servants if they did not summarily leave us, Dr. Wright, in his calm, meek dignity, waited on the patriarch and offered an earnest remonstrance, winding it up, with his hand raised in protestation, and the significant declaration, "Mar Shimon, if you touch my servant you touch me!" Under the majesty of this impressive rebuke from outraged meekness and gentleness, the haughty patriarch succumbed.

At a scene occurring about the same time, in the court of

the chief Moollah, of Oroomiah, thronged a mob of excited Nestorians, the tools of Mar Shimon, who threatened to stone us—an ordeal to try men's souls—his calm, firm self-possession, when acting as our spokesman, is also well remembered.

II. The *scholarship* of Dr. Wright was rather solid and finished than brilliant or showy. As already suggested, if his self-accusations that he wasted his time in college had foundation, his subsequent industry and success, during his ten years residence in Virginia, must have redeemed that loss; for he came to us, at the age of twenty-nine, a ripe general scholar. The very completeness of his scholarship, as was true of his character as a man, presented few salient points to attract observation. His judgment was so careful and accurate, and his taste so well disciplined and chaste, that he almost never committed a noticeable fault in writing. Indeed, in this matter, we may easily conceive him, as already hinted, strongly to have resembled "the beloved physician," who, with such classic elegance and graphic force, penned the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. If his mind was not massive, it did not lack in compass; and if his imagination was not its predominant faculty, the working of his intellect was far enough removed from tameness or servility. If it had not the rapid, sweeping impetuosity of the wind, it had the richer attributes of the deep, placid river, moving steadily onward in its wonted course, often gently overflowing, and silently fertilizing and adorning its shores. His style as a writer was beautifully perspicuous, concise and simple, and at the same time forcible. The British Embassy to Persia was at Ezroom when he first came to this country. During the few weeks he was detained there, the members of the embassy were among his auditors on the Sabbath. One of them wrote thus to the speaker, in remarking complimentarily of our prospective fellow-laborer; he said, "His sermons have been very much admired by our party here;" yet that party may be presumed to have been not the most lenient of critics on such subjects. As beautiful specimens of his admirable style, marked not only by his characteristic conciseness and perspicuity, but also by deep and touching pathos, we may mention his funeral sermon occasioned

by the death of the first Mr. Rhea; also, his sketch of the revival here in 1849, which is published in the little volume entitled "Missionary Life in Persia." That his style possessed much force, though devoid of all pretentious rhetoric, we have had many proofs. One occurs to me, in an appeal which he addressed to the Prudential Committee, in behalf of the mission, for publishing the Peshito version of the Old Testament in parallel columns with our translation from the Hebrew. There had been a previous decision against the measure, but, under the force of the appeal, that decision was reversed. It was well said of that document by one of our number when it was forwarded, that the subject was argued with the clearness and the ability of a lawyer.

We might dwell, were it necessary, on the rare beauty, ease and interest of Dr. Wright's epistolary style. All unstudied as it was, yet that it could hardly be improved must have been patent to us all.

On his arrival here he put in immediate requisition his fine scholarship, by giving himself to the acquisition of the languages of the country, the Ancient and Modern Syriac (the former he had studied, to some extent, while in the Theological Seminary in America), the Turkish and the Persian. No other member of our mission had ever made so extensive acquisitions in languages. He applied himself eagerly to the study of them during the three or four first years of his missionary life, and has ever since been industriously adding to his knowledge of them, perseveringly maintaining the habits and cultivating the tastes of a growing scholar, always garnering with rigid economy the scraps of his time and making the most of them; while, on the other hand, his manifold active duties, with all the nameless distractions and interruptions involved in them, have but increased his use of the languages they have led him to employ, and so his acquaintance with them. His intellectual tastes ran naturally in the line of languages rather than of the sciences.

His fine scholarship has been conspicuous, not only in his rapid and successful acquisition of languages, but also in his effective use of them. His command of Syriac was very

accurate, free and forcible as a preacher. It was equally so in his general intercourse with the Nestorians; and the same was true of his use of the Turkish and Persian with the Mohammedans.

All his rich scholarly acquisitions have been laid under no less effective contribution, in connection with the department of our Mission Press. On the departure of Mr. Holladay, twenty years ago, Dr. Wright was appointed in his stead, to be associated with me in the literary labors of the press. I well remember his response to the appointment. "I had never supposed," he said, "that such labors would fall to my lot on missionary ground; I am passionately fond of them, and only hope they will not tempt me to neglect other duties." What an instructive comment on these words have been his labors of the last twenty years. He has shown all that *fondness* for literary work; he has not yielded to it to the detriment of any other missionary claims. How usefully has his accurate knowledge of Hebrew, and of the Ancient Syriac, and of the New Testament Greek told on his thorough revisions of the Holy Scriptures; and how patiently, perseveringly, and successfully have his protracted labors been performed in the publication of our various editions.

His scholarship was well adapted to the work of a translator. His clear discrimination, his nice, delicate taste in the selection of words and phrases, and his admirably balanced and critical judgment on the whole subject have been very advantageously exerted, not only in his revisions of the Scriptures, but also on several works which he has himself prepared for the press.

There are few tests of accurate scholarship more decisive than the work of *proof*-reading; and we have never had his equal in the mission as a proof-reader; and no Nestorian, except Deacon Joseph, has ever surpassed him in Syriac proof-reading. Oh how many hundreds of times has his aching head traced each line and each word of those daily recurring long leader columns, carelessly composed and blindly printed, from which there is no retreat nor respite for those connected with a press, of which, however, he seldom complained though so often wearied.

His neatness and precision as a scholar marked every thing that came from his hands, in entire harmony with the same general traits ever obvious in his person and whole character. His elegant chirography never yet, to my knowledge, let slip a careless scrawl, not even in the briefest note or memorandum. And were we to examine the records of our mission, kept by him as its Secretary for twenty years, we should find in them ample proof of all that I have said of the accuracy and finish of his scholarship.

I recall a testimony, bearing on this general subject, in connection with his medical studies in Virginia, which it is in place to record. In a few days' journey in Charlottesville, during my first visit to America, about two years after he attended lectures there, the pastor (Mr. White) of the place told me that, on leaving, he passed one of the best medical examinations of any of the students at the University.

Yes, truly, very rich were the intellectual as well as the far more precious moral treasures that were buried with this scholarly man; nay, rather, that are transferred, and are now, in their vast expansion, far more felicitously employed in our Father's mansion.

III. "A Christian is the highest style of man." Much as we have seen to admire in our departed brother as a man and as a scholar, how much, immeasurably, does the interest of his character as a *Christian* transcend all its other attributes. We are not informed even of the year of his hopeful conversion, but believe that it occurred in 1833 or 1834. He was still at Richmond at the time; and amid all the other strong attractions that bound his heart to the place while there, and sweetened the recollections of it ever afterward, his religious associations with it were always by far the most grateful.

We might, perhaps, have supposed, that one possessing so much of natural amiability, and that, always fostered by the genial influences of the best religious society, would hardly be the subject of a very marked change, even in the momentous event of conversion. The fact, I believe, was otherwise. He had, all his life, been like the young ruler in the gospel, on whom Jesus looked and loved him; but one thing he lacked.

There was at last, in his case, a deep process of what the old divines denominate *law work*. The thorough religious training which he had received in childhood, rendered him all the more cautious and anxious to dig deep and build his hopes for eternity on the Rock; and the remarkable conscientiousness, which was ever so essential an element of his being, rendered him, perhaps, too distrustful of the genuineness of those hopes.

That his consecration to Christ was most sincere and whole-hearted, has been evinced by all his subsequent life. We have also collateral evidence to the same effect, dating from that period. With what interest have we all, since his death, inspected his *Bible*, bearing date on the fly-leaf, under his name, "*Richmond*, 1834," probably but a short time subsequent to the period of his first cherishing the hope of a Christian. I have a hallowed reverence for that Bible, as the unerring pilot that has faithfully guided an often tempest-tossed soul safe over all life's billows to the haven of eternal rest. Such *Bibles* of the departed good are the most sacred objects in this world. The inspection of this treasure assures us that our brother's consecration was not only thoroughly heart-work, but also that religion with him was, from the outset, a matter of patient, watchful *culture* and earnest aspiration for progress in holiness. On its blank leaves are notes and quotations, so significant, as having been the practical mottos of his daily life, and so strikingly exemplified in the very beautiful development and growth of his Christian character, during the period of a generation, that they well deserve a place in his funeral sermon. First on the list, written in his own fair hand, is this: "Search the Scriptures;" below it, "Be prayerful;" "Be studious;" and still further down the page, the memorable motto of Luther, "*Bene orasse est bene studuisse.*" On the next blank page, quoted in full, are the following texts of Scripture:

"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."—Prov. iii. 6.

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."—Jer. x. 23.

On a blank leaf at the beginning of the New Testament are the following quotations:

"What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

"Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed."—2 Cor. vi. 3.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

"And he said unto me, Depart; for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."—Acts xxii. 21.

"Be clothed with humility."—1 Peter v. 5.

Now was there ever a Christian man, or woman, whose living experience was a more complete embodiment of this collection of Scripture mottoes than that of our departed brother? That there have been those who have surpassed him in particular Christian traits, and individual graces, we may not deny; but in the symmetrical combination, presenting one beautiful whole, I have never known a superior model. And often, as his character now rises before me, another passage of Paul occurs to me as its most faithful epitome: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And such, essentially as we have known him here, was he remembered, as a Christian, in Virginia. I visited Richmond at the time above referred to, two years after he came to our field, and found his memory very fresh and very fragrant there in the two Presbyterian churches; indeed so much so, that those churches, then recently alienated by the divisive measures of 1837 into Old School and New, were strongly disposed to rivalry in claiming him, each church as its own beloved representative on missionary ground; as was true also of Mr. Holla-

day, another "beloved disciple" from the same churches, whose connection with our mission was such an unspeakable blessing to us in the early period of its history.

Not long after our brother became a Christian he decided on studying for the ministry, with direct reference to the missionary work. Going from Richmond to the Union Theological Seminary, he there enjoyed the best of Christian influences, as well as able and faithful theological instruction. The venerable Dr. John Holt Rice, the father of the Seminary, and long a patriarch among the churches in Virginia, and whose praise was in all the churches, both North and South, had been called to his rest before Dr. Wright's connection with the Institution; but his mantle had fallen on his associates and successors; and the whole atmosphere of Prince Edward was still redolent with the savor of his cherished name. The memory of Dr. Rice exerted a strong influence on our brother's character. He studied carefully his published biography. His was one of the few likenesses which he kept in his study. He has been in correspondence with the venerable widow of that apostolic man during most of his missionary life; and pasted to a blank leaf at the end of his Bible, are a few printed resolutions of Dr. Rice, which, if he did not adopt them as his own, evidently had more or less influence on his character; and as such it is proper that we introduce them in this connection. They are the following, which were found in Dr. Rice's pocket-book after his death:

"What I resolve that I will endeavor to do.

"1st. Take food for nourishment and not for pleasure. Take no more than is necessary, and be indifferent to the quality. Sleep for refreshment and not for indulgence. Harden and subdue my flesh by labor directed to useful purposes. Endeavor to do as much useful work every day as I can. Dress as cheaply as comports with decency.

"2d. To use all my property for benevolent purposes. Pay every thing I owe as soon as possible. Save all that I can, by simplicity of living, and by practicing self-denial, and give all I can, in the exercise of sound discretion, to objects of benevolence. Never spare name, property or reputation, if I can do good. Necessary that I die poor.

"3d. As to my disposition and conduct toward others: 1. Endeavor to feel kindly to every one. Never indulge anger, malice, envy or jealousy toward any human being. 2. Endeavor to speak to and about every one as I ought, aiming in all things that I say to promote the comfort, improvement and happiness of every one. 3. Endeavor to act as to advance, (1.) the present comfort, (2.) the intellectual improvement, (3.) the purity and highest good of all my fellow-men.

"As to my Creator: To endeavor to fix in my mind more deeply all truth that I can possibly discover respecting Him, and to feel, think and act, in every respect, in correspondence with that truth. Finally, when I have done all, to acknowledge that I am nothing, and my Creator has a right to do with me as seems good to Him."

We can hardly mistake the image and superscription of a portion, at least, of these resolutions instamped on Dr. Wright's life and character.

But the grand model that filled his eye and his heart was of no earthly mould. It was the blessed Saviour. He habitually looked unto Jesus. The first sermon that he preached, the Sabbath after his arrival here, was from the text, "We would see Jesus;" in which he touchingly portrayed the Saviour in the various attributes that render Him the perfect model for the believer's imitation. That sermon was a very fitting introduction for him to our mission—an unquestioned passport to all our hearts, nor less the index of the character, the aspirations, the study and the purposes of its author, which were self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and a living conformity to Christ in all things. Not that there was any leaven or aceticism in him; but there was an habitual, ardent longing to have Christ formed in him the hope of glory, and to be rapidly transformed into that glorious image. Here is the secret of the remarkable resemblance in the servant to the Master, which we have witnessed especially in the last months of his life; a likeness that renders so appropriate to him the application of the language of our text—"the disciple whom Jesus loved." As John was the special object of the Saviour's affection, from the large measure of his own moral limitude which he saw in that disciple, so we believe

was eminently the case of our departed brother—"a disciple whom Jesus loved."

There can hardly be occasion, in this connection, to attempt a particular analysis of Dr. Wright's religious character. Its essential elements may be readily inferred from the general completeness of it, and its likeness to the model of the Master which I have indicated. It may, however, be well to repeat the suggestion, that his progress in grace was much the result of prayerful and careful self-culture and strenuous exertion. He seldom had flights of rapture. Calm, abiding peace he did enjoy; but as a rule, his pathway to heaven lay through the valley of humiliation. He much oftener saw Jesus, and held sweet communion with him there than on the mount of transfiguration. His constitutional modesty and self-diffidence did not always allow him to speak with the strongest assurance of his own good estate. Sometimes, in referring to himself, he would put his case contingently—"If I was ever born again," etc.—more, however, from his *habitual* self-distrust, I apprehend, than from any very serious doubts on that point. His deep sense of personal unworthiness, with his vivid impressions of the exceeding enormity of sin; his jealous watchfulness over his own heart; and the unwonted tenderness and sensitiveness of his conscience, all tended to foster that distrust of himself; yet not to an extent that greatly disturbed his simple child-like faith and confidence in Christ, and his deep and ardent affection for him; but which rather drove him right to the Cross as his refuge, there, like the beloved disciple, often to lean on Jesus' bosom. His physical ailments were sometimes depressing to his spirits, particularly his periodical *headaches*, which were rather frequent and quite severe; and while upon him, they sometimes led him to sigh for the rest that remaineth to the people of God. The heavy burdens and trials of missionary life often prompted the same longings; though as a rule he was a happy Christian pilgrim, firmly trusting, if not always rejoicing, in the Lord. As he caught more and more distinct glimpses of "the shining shore," particular hymns, pointing to his rest and inheritance there, became his special favorites. One such is the following, which,

sacredly to embalm it with his memory, we will sing in this connection:

"AND THE CITY HATH NO NEED OF THE SUN."

1. Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2. And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3. Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4. The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5. No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6. There all the millions of the saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

IV. It might seem almost like sacrilege to connect with the heavenly savor that clusters around our brother's memory as a *Christian* any separate notices of his missionary life and labors, did not that savor so richly pervade them all. In turn, the Christian was never lost in the missionary, nor the missionary in the Christian, but the two, almost from the hour of his conversion, were indissolubly blended. As I have already stated, he decided on studying for the ministry, at the commencement of his Christian course, with distinct reference to the missionary work.

He was introduced to our field through Mr. Holladay, that man of God of eminent ability and most lovely Christian character, whom he had known while a theological student. Mr. H. was then in Hamden, Sydney College, located at Prince Edward, where he was a professor several years previous to his coming to Peoria. They were kindred spirits, and their hearts knit together like those of David and Jonathan.

During the year, after the departure of Dr. Grant from Oroomiah to the mountains of Koordistan, we awaited anxiously Dr. Wright's arrival, being without a physician. He came to us in affliction. He left his only sister in America far gone of consumption, and the first mail after his arrival here brought the tidings of her death. Though the intelligence was not unexpected, its actual reception deeply affected him. A sense of orphanage and loneliness, such as he had never before felt, came over him, now that the last cord was severed, and he had literally neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, in this world We were assembled in a garden for a social hour when the messenger came; and I well remember how his hand trembled and the tears flowed, as he opened the letter; and how tenderly this sore bereavement bound him to the hearts of our own circle, and then freshly bleeding from the recent wounds caused by the death of five children in the mission within the period of two months.

He came to us as Paul came to the Corinthians, "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling;" deeply feeling, from his brief acquaintance with his predecessor at Ezroom, "what can the man do that cometh after the king?" Dr. Grant's commanding person and mien, which so admirably fitted him for a pioneer, and would have graced his namesake, the Lieutenant-General, on the field, and his distinguished ability and adventurous exploits as a physician and surgeon, had made a profound impression on the Persians, who are wont to attach so much importance to personal presence. And not many days after Dr. Wright's arrival here, an older associate, impressed with the singular modesty and meekness of his bearing, and somewhat concerned lest the interests of the mission should suffer by unfavorable comparisons between him and Dr. Grant, waited on

him in his room, and held a long conversation with him on the importance of his assuming some airs of assurance and consequence. While our brother gratefully thanked his kind associate, and was but too ready to account himself a novice in new circumstances, needing fraternal counsel, still his own good judgment forbade David to attempt to assume the armor of Saul, more confident in the sling and smooth pebbles from the brook. He could not affect gifts which he did not possess, and wisely chose rather by the quiet, unpretending use of qualities and endowments which God had vouchsafed to him (though his own estimate of them was always too humble), to trust for the influence which they would naturally and legitimately command. And with what admiration did all behold him, almost from the day of his arrival, steadily, yet surely, winning the hearts and gaining the confidence of all classes of men, by the simple power of goodness, until long ago he had acquired a respect and esteem in this country, such as no other foreigner here, missionary or official, ever possessed.

It was a favoring providence that at the time of Dr. Wright's arrival in Persia, that very interesting man, Prince Malek Kahem Meerza, was Governor of Oroomiah. Becoming strongly attached to the Doctor on his first acquaintance with him, his own rare intelligence and discrimination appreciating such culture and such worth, he lost no opportunity to strengthen and encourage him, and thus did much to give him the high position in the general estimation which his own well attested merits ever afterwards maintained.

Dr. Wright came to us with a heart overflowing with love to everybody, and with a strong disposition to be pleased with every one and every thing, wherever and so far as it was possible. He evinced very little of the hypocritical spirit not uncommon in inexperienced missionaries, and which their novel and trying circumstances are so strongly calculated to fan I recall that a day or two after his arrival, in crossing the yard he met a small Nestorian boy who smilingly saluted him in English, "*Goodee mornin*'." The unexpected salutation almost enraptured him. And on the first Sabbath when sick persons came to our gate, which is closed on that day, his feelings were

deeply moved on learning the fact that any suffering ones had been sent away even on the Sabbath, though he soon saw the absolute necessity of some such restrictions to enable us in any measure to hallow the sacred day. He met all, of all ages and classes, with a smile which none could mistake as the true index of a sunny, loving heart. He has never been surpassed in this respect in our mission, unless in the case of the lamented Mr. Crane, whom some of the Nestorians so beautifully and expressively denominated *one of God's lambs.* I regard this genial *trait* as one of the most valuable elements of his missionary character, and as going very far to account for the wonderful ascendency which he soon acquired over all classes from the prince to the peasant, founded on his undisguised love for them, and deep interest in their welfare which could never fail to command a ready response in bosoms however selfish, or even malevolent. This element of his character, under all the trials, perplexities and vexations of missionary life, arising so often from the wickedness of unreasonable men, continued unimpaired to the last, nay, was constantly strengthened; and I may add that it contributed immeasurably to strengthen and sustain him. It savoured much of the *charity that never faileth.* Some present may recall that in a social prayer-meeting which I conducted but a few weeks before his death, I deplored the remissness of some of the Nestorian communicants, to which he replied in remarks in the same meeting, with his accustomed gentleness and tenderness, "When we think of their very hard lot and sore trials, it seems to me that they do quite as well as we should in their circumstances." I trust we shall profit by that timely hint from a heart ever beating so warmly with the impulses of that love which *hopeth all things.*

Dr. Wright, though he came to us both as a physician and a preacher, had a strong preference for the latter profession. Much as his feeling heart yearned over the bodies of men, it yearned still more tenderly over their perishing immortal souls.

Dr. Grant had been a practicing physician in America before he became a missionary, but when appointed to this field he raised the question of pursuing a short course of theological study and being ordained. Being, however, hurried to his post

by the exigencies of the mission, he postponed that matter with the hope of studying privately here and being ordained on the ground. But the great field of usefulness that opened at once before him as a medical man, and the ample opportunities he enjoyed for religious labors in connection with that profession, led him afterwards to change his views on the whole subject, and adopt the belief that he could do more for the cause of Christ simply under the name of a physician than by becoming a clergyman.

Soon after Dr. Wright's arrival I mentioned to him his predecessor's opinions on this subject, and suggested the possible expediency of his being known here *primarily* as a physician rather than a preacher. It touched a very tender point. That he might preach Christ had been the burden of the prayers of a long since departed mother in his infancy, and the same had been the object of his fondest hopes and most earnest aspirations ever since he felt the power of a Saviour's love. No one who has witnessed his labors can doubt the wisdom of his choice.

As we remarked on his resemblance to "the disciple whom Jesus loved," in his character as a Christian, we might perhaps draw an analogy between him and "the beloved physician," in his missionary relations. Luke was doubtless a preacher as well as a medical practitioner in his companionship with the apostles; and he too combined with those offices the accomplishments of a finished scholar and author. But in the case of Dr. Wright, as a missionary, we must add yet another department to all the functions exercised by the evangelist, that of the representative of the mission before the authorities of the country, and the succoring daysman of the Nestorians, to stand between them and their oppressive masters and rulers. In this "fourfold state," if we may thus apply the expression, he has sustained burdens and performed labors altogether unparalleled by those of any other individual ever connected with the mission, at least for any considerable time. Most truly might he, with Paul, have said, "I labored more abundantly than they all;" however little inclined himself ever to make such an intimation, or even to entertain the idea. And added to all these de-

partments of his stated labors, his arduous preaching tours in Koordistan, in which we might enumerate "perils oft," as he has visited almost every Nestorian district, have been about as numerous as those of any of his brethren. With a single exception Dr. Wright has been a missionary *much longer* than any other man ever here—*twenty-five years*—and the wonder is, that under such an accumulation of toils and cares, not that he has sunk under the pressure at the end of a quarter of a century, but that he lived half that period. He was a strong man, physically; not of the robust type. He was decidedly slender, never weighing much if any more than one hundred and twenty pounds, though of medium height; but he was of that compact, wiry stamp, which rendered him capable of vigorous exertion and vast endurance. In our mountain journeys no one of us has ever been able to scale the lofty heights, and thread the doubtful parapets along the faces of the cliffs with less exhaustion. His health was almost uniform with the exception of his periodical headaches. He had never had a severe course of fever before the one of which he died.

The greatest earthly blessing vouchsafed to him on missionary ground, and which goes far to explain his endurance so long, was his devoted wife, of which he never was insensible, nor slow to acknowledge his great obligation to her, and to God on her account. And under the crushing sorrows of our sister's bereavement she may have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that she has comforted, cheered, sustained and strengthened this dear servant of God for a score of years, to an extent that no language can describe, added vastly to his usefulness, and probably doubled the years of his missionary service.

We need not attempt fully to describe the multiplied and arduous labors of Dr. Wright in the various departments which he filled, yet we should briefly refer to them. His labors as a *preacher* were as numerous, or nearly so, as those of any of his brethren. This, as we have said, was his *chosen calling*, nor did he fail to magnify it. As he ardently loved the gospel, so he loved to proclaim it. His discourses were always well prepared, able and interesting, and often very impressive. He inclined more to preach on themes connected with Christ, as a loving, forgiv-

ing Saviour, than on the threatenings of the law, though by no means to the exclusion of the latter. His tender spirit was much more at home at the foot of Calvary than of Sinai, and thither he essayed to lead all others, most affectionately pointing them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. In some instances, however, we have heard from him sermons of a most searching, alarming character. Some of us will never forget the effect of his sermon on a *seared conscience*, first preached in 1850, when the place of the assembly became literally a *Bochim*, all seeming to *feel* the gnawing of the worm that "dieth not." That sermon he preached again a short time before his death, and under the influence of it a poor woman soon hastened to him to disclose an act of fraud which she had long denied, and would intrust the secret to no other ear, though she had long and earnestly been pressed to do so. With his excellent knowledge, and ready and effective command of the Nestorian language, and thoroughly furnished as he was in his general ministerial qualifications, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed; and though not so emphatically a *son of thunder* as was our departed associate, Mr. Stocking, he was eminently a *son of consolation*. Yes, "an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures."

Though the work of the minister was *first* in importance in his estimation, his medical profession was by no means neglected. He daily received crowds of patients of all classes at a given hour at his dispensary, and he hardly ever declined a call near or distant, in any state of the weather or at any hour, whether among Nestorians or Mohammedans; and never shrunk from exposure to the most fearful and malignant diseases. To say nothing of his practice in relieving untold numbers in their physical ailments, the moral influence of it was incalculable in subduing prejudice, winning confidence, and holding up a living exponent of a gospel that is good will to *all* men, and often the only key that would unlock the bolted heart to the Balm of Gilead, and the healing of the Physician there.

The first object of connecting a medical man with a mission so isolated and remote from Europeans as ours, was, of course, the relief of the mission families. And how faithful has Dr. Wright

ever shown himself in this sphere. How constant and unwearied in his attendance on our sick; how careful and anxious in prescribing and watching; and how brotherly and sympathetic with the sick, the afflicted and the bereaved. The intensity of his solicitude has, in some instances, proved almost overpowering to him. Such was the fact in the last sickness of Mr. Stoddard, that seraphic man, whose life seemed to us all so unspeakably important to the cause of Christ in Persia. He was himself made sick by the trying experience of that beloved associate's death-bed.

In our own crushing affliction, in the death of our Judith, of cholera, in a desolate tent by the road-side, his sympathetic nature was most tenderly drawn out. When he met us at Gavalau, on our return with the corpse, on my mentioning to him that Judith in her sufferings once said, "I wish Dr. Wright was here," the tears bursting from his eyes, he responded, "Dear child; would that I might have been by her." And not long afterward, in alluding to his sorrowful ride to Gavalau in a note, he said, "When about six miles from the city, we saw a footman coming at a rapid speed. On meeting us he stopped and took from his girdle your letter from Yavshauly. I dismounted, took the letter, opened it with a trembling hand, and read it aloud. Our hopes were all dashed to the ground. The dear one was no more. There, by the road-side, we stopped and wept."

But in proportion as his sympathies thus welled up from the deep fountains of his feeling soul, must have been the severity of the contributions thus levied on his strength and his life; and not only in our mission circle but measurably also abroad among the people. His medical practice, taking into account its moral drafts on such a nature, has always been by far the most tasking part of his duties. Yet we never saw in him a disposition to waive its calls and responsibilities. With what alacrity has he hastened over the seventy miles horse-back ride to Gawar, scarcely halting on the way to eat or sleep, when summoned to our brethren and sisters there; particularly in the last sickness of Mr. Crane and Mrs. Rhea; and what an angel of mercy was he on such occasions to the afflicted station in the mountains. Verily he *was* a "beloved physician."

Dr. Wright's labors in the department of the press have been mentioned in our reference to his scholarship. His rare qualifications for such work were well attested in the publication of the beautiful pocket edition of the New Testament, in Syriac during his visit in America. And since his recent return, how eagerly and ably, almost with the enthusiasm of youth, did he commence operations for entering upon the great work of translating the Scriptures into the Tartar Turkish; a language spoken by so many millions of people who have never yet had the Bible. How he has been able to carry on this collateral branch of labor, during twenty years of his life, with the constant and heavy burdens of his other departments, is a problem which any man less scholarly, less systematic, and less industrious and economical of time, would have found it impossible to solve.

Our brother's duties as the representative of the mission in its relations to "the powers that be," and as a shield for the poor Nestorians under their nameless and grinding oppressions, abuses and outrages, were the most delicate, and often, by far, the most difficult and perplexing that he had to perform. His medical practice was a ready passport for him to all classes of the Mohammedans, and his bland demeanor, and unquestionable integrity, as we have said, soon won for him very general confidence and high esteem. This has been a *capital* of untold value to the mission, living and laboring here as we do, the only Americans in this Mohammedan empire, protected, or rather tolerated, solely by courtesy on the part of those who cannot be supposed to have any sympathy with the Christian religion, but the reverse. Such has been the profound respect cherished by the proud, dominant class toward our physician, that not only have the civil authorities almost never refused to grant any favor which he has requested of them (while he has wisely not presumed a step too far), but the bigoted Moollahs, self-prompted, were accustomed to send to him the poor Nestorian girls, who had been seized by ruffians, with the purpose of compelling them to profess themselves Mohammedans, that, without fear, they might declare in his presence which religion they preferred; and that declaration was accepted as decisive.

And hundreds, if not thousands, of deeply suffering Nestorians, both men and women, ground down to the dust by their lordly oppressors, have been relieved, often rescued from the lash, by his gentle and discreet interference, through appeals to those oppressors or to their superiors.

Nor have the wronged Nestorians alone felt the benefit of his succoring influence. The suffering poor among the Mohammedans have also often sought and found in him a sympathizing friend. None of us can forget an instance, when tidings came to him that a poor Koord was about to be beheaded, in the court of the prince, on very unjustifiable grounds. He was sitting at his dinner-table, and bounding instantly to his feet he ran to the appalling scene, but was a few moments too late to interpose a petition, arriving only in time to behold the slaughtered man weltering in his gore.

The burdens and perplexities imposed on him by his missionary and providential relations, in numberless applications for succor, from day to day, and week to week, and year to year, in this land of darkness, cruelty and blood, were a weight for the shoulders of a Hercules, and we marvel that they did not long ago crush that sensitive spirit and apparently fragile form.

In detailing Dr. Wright's multifarious labors as a missionary, we should not omit to mention the fact, that for two years previous to Miss Fiske's arrival he was the superintendent of the female seminary, then only a day-school—the present seminary in embryo—not imposing a serious tax of strength or of time, but pleasantly connecting his memory with an enterprise which has long since grown to be one of so much importance, fraught with unspeakable blessings, in whose prosperity he ever took a very deep interest, and in which some of his last labors were performed. After his return from America, he conducted morning worship in the school, to the great gratification and relief of our over-burdened sister who has charge of it, and the deep interest of the pupils; and to his last prayers and appeals there, instrumentally, sent home by the affecting providence of his death, we believe, is much owing the precious revival now in progress in that seminary.

As physician, Dr. Wright found it far more difficult to leave his post for rest than any other member of the mission; and for twenty years he had not the respite of a single month. At the close of eighteen years he passed through the severe ordeal of sending his two eldest daughters to America—a sore trial to so tender a parent's heart; and not long afterward, he was, for the first time, bereaved of a beloved child.

Two years after the departure of his daughters, in July, 1860, he found his health so much impaired that he was compelled to abandon the field for a time, a measure to which the Prudential Committee had repeatedly invited him, but which he was very reluctant to adopt, while it involved leaving the mission without medical service. His return to America in his feeble health was a period of great suffering. In his last sickness he told me that he was so ill, much of the time on the land journey, that it was with much difficulty he could mount his horse in the morning, and he seriously feared that he must lay his bones between Erzroom and Hebizond.

With all the refreshment of spirit, and the inexpressible delights of meeting dear friends in America, and amid all their overflowing kindness, his was still, more or less, the hard lot of a returned missionary, floating with a family without a settled home—a situation that proves one of the severest trials in the world to many a heart far less sensitive than that of our departed brother.

Change of climate and scene, however, did much for him, and in the course of several months he became able to speak in public; and very seldom has the American Board sent forth among the churches a messenger who has exerted a more desirable influence. His whole appearance impressed all who saw him, as that of a man of God—a "disciple whom Jesus loved." I was not surprised to be thus accosted by the wife of one of the Secretaries of the Board, soon after his arrival in America: "What do you do to your missionaries at Oroomiah? First, we had Mr. Stoddard with us, that angelic man; then came Miss Fiske, possessing the same spirit; and now Dr. Wright, the same." Personal acquaintance with others of our departed associates, I hardly need say, would have led her to extend the list in the same strain.

Our brother's addresses in America, like himself, were full of tenderness and earnest pathos, and not void of power, while in simple narrations, with an unction peculiarly his own, he testified the things which he had seen, and heard, and felt. His public services might, in general, be characterized by a reference to them made by one of the Secretaries of the Board, who labored with him for a season in Central New York. Said he: "Our meeting in A—— at first seemed very cold and unpromising; but Dr. Wright smote the rock and the waters gushed forth, and we had a most interesting season."

After active labors among the churches for nearly two years, it was a grateful change to him to sit down to the important literary work of publishing the pocket edition of the New Testament in Modern Syriac, already mentioned, in which the Nestorians may well rejoice as his last rich legacy to them.

While penning this discourse, the query often revolved in my mind where I should most appropriately note the *faults* of our brother's character, as I would endeavor to present a fair, impartial portrait. I must confess that I have found neither the place nor the faults to record; not that he was *perfect*, until he reached and entered the gate of heaven—how would the intimation that he was such have agonized him till his last breath! Most appropriate to him would have been the language of Paul: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after;" "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." His faults that were palpable, not only leaned strongly "to virtue's side," but were in general themselves *virtues in excess*. To illustrate our meaning. On his once submitting a manuscript sermon to me for perusal, which he had been requested to send to America for publication, I called his attention to the naked "A. H. Wright," on the title-page, and suggested that he make it Rev. A. H. Wright, M. D. But no argument of mine could induce him to place any thing before or after his own name; it was a moral impossibility for him to do so; and he, but reluctantly, yielded his assent that I make the proposed modifica-

tion in my own hand, though it was simply applying titles universally attached to his professions, that really involved not the least delicacy. And so of his other traits. We might pronounce them of too fine a texture to breast the rude storms of this dark, cold world—I would not say effectively and successfully, for we have seen the reverse to be eminently true of him; but not without subjecting their possessor to a kind of living martyrdom; a temperament and character far better fitted by nature, as well as by grace, for sunny celestial climes, than the hard buffetings which even the most favored human voyager must encounter on life's tempestuous ocean; qualities which endeared him only the more lovely while he was with us, and now the more at home in the holy society of heaven.

An old writer compares *fault-finders* to *flies* that will creep eagerly all over a sound body, meeting nothing to their tastes, in search of some insignificant sore. We might justly fear incurring the charge of that cynical propensity, if disposed to sit as a *critic* on such a character.

During his nearly four years' sojourn in America, usefully as he was employed there, his heart was in the distant land of his missionary adoption, with the people to whom he had given his life's vigor and toils. The relinquishment of the hope of returning to his field would have cost him well nigh a death struggle. The difficulties that embarrassed the question, in connection with arranging for his family, weighed heavily on his spirits, as his letters to us often testified. At length light and hope broke upon his path. A door was opened by the Master's hand, but one involving a sacrifice that would demonstrate, as nothing else could, his readiness to lay *all* on the altar of consecration—even to be separated from his beloved wife and children by half the circumference of the globe. An affectionate daughter, keenly sensitive to the sufferings of her father, volunteered to leave her school and accompany him, to care for him and comfort him, and in the hope of being useful in the land of her birth in our female seminary. The arrangement was consummated. Little did any one dream that the sacrifice which he then so cheerfully made—that silent rending of heart-strings—which nothing short of *dying daily* can ade-

quately describe, was shortening and lightening the remaining span of his pathway to heaven. He left America June 18, 1864. His return was rendered pleasant, and even delightful, by the presence and assiduities of that devoted daughter and the cheer of kind missionary companions. The party reached us on the 29th of September, to our unspeakable joy, and the great joy of the Nestorians and thousands of the Mohammedans. What a relief did we all feel that our "beloved physisician" was again at his post, after being so long deprived of medical services, to say nothing of the value and comfort of his presence in other relations. Alas! how suddenly, as in a moment, is that joy turned to mourning!

No one could mistake the mellowing effect, on his chastened spirit, of the sore struggle through which he had passed, in being separated from his family. His whole appearance savored far less of earth than of heaven. His face shone like that of Moses when he came down from the Mount, though, like Moses, he "wist not" that it thus shone. Affliction had brought him nearer than ever before, not to Sinai, but to Calvary; into closer and more hallowed communion with "*the Man of Sorrows.*" His religious services breathed much of the atmosphere of Jerusalem above. Love gushed forth in every act and every work. A serenity, more angelic than human, lighted his countenance and sweetened his tones. It is not strange that he evinced such power to draw together Nestorian Christian brethren who had been long and sadly alienated from each other, leading them and binding them together as *by a single hair*, as a native graphically expressed it, under the heavenly magnetism of his own benignant look, and throbbing, loving heart. As I now look back and recall his walk among us during the three short months after his return till his death, I almost marvel, that in apprehension of his soon rising, we did not lay hold on the skirts of his garments! But we might not detain an angel!

On the 23d of December he came to Mount Seir, as he and the rest of us supposed, perfectly well. But he came, as Moses ascended Pisgah, *to die.* His work was done, and well done. His last great sacrifice, little short of that of Abraham's offering

Isaac, had been made and accepted. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," was now to be his summons.

Providentially detained at Seir for the night, he was taken sick that evening, and was never afterward able to return to his home. It was matter of gratitude to God with him, as he repeatedly said, in the early part of his sickness, that he was sick at my house, where it is so much more quiet than at his house in the city; and I hardly need say that I account it as one of the special boons of my life that I was thus permitted to be with him in his last sickness, and that my own dormitory should be hallowed as the gate of heaven to his departing spirit.

The day after he was taken ill, I had pleasant conversation with him, though he was even then much prostrated by the power of the disease, which was nervous, typhoid fever, that angel of death to so many missionaries. I sat in the room with him preparing a sermon in Syriac to preach the next day, from the text, "How old art thou?" with reference to the close of the year. After preaching it the next morning, I mentioned to him that I had suggested in my sermon that for each breath we owe a grateful recognition of mercy, as God gives us the power to draw each breath. He replied: "The Persian poet Sadi says, that we owe *two* thanksgivings for each breath—for the inspiration and the expiration."

He early expressed to me the belief that his disease was typhoid fever, and took medicine accordingly; but preferred to say little about it, lest it should distress his daughter. On the second day of his sickness he once said, "I feel as though *poison* was running through all my veins." I said, "You have, however, no *such* apprehension" (an idea and a practice so common in this wicked country). "Oh, no," he replied; "I only refer to the *effluvia* of that house which I visited after coming to Seir, where four persons are sick of typhoid fever." He had visited many others sick of that disease during the previous weeks, and this last exposure could probably have been no more than the *occasion* of suddenly developing the malady already at work in his system. On the fifth day of his sickness,

Mr. Labaree, who knows something of medicine, visited him, and staid with him afterwards till his death, to his great gratification.

His disease was so overpowering that he did not incline to converse much after the few first days. He was a meek, patient sufferer, though *so much a sufferer* that he often groaned audibly. We, of course, needed no *death-bed* testimony after such a life. He had daily borne a clear witness for Christ for thirty years. On the evening of the eighth day of his sickness, when I was alone with him, he said, "I have never before had such a fever, and had not thought I should ever have typhoid fever. My sufferings have been *intense* in my separation from my family." I said, "Do you think those sufferings induced your disease?" He replied, "I do not know; sometimes I now think so; but of late, for several weeks, I have been much more comfortable." He soon added, "My mind is becoming confused, and I know not how it will be; if I should not recover, I would like Mrs. Wright to know how keen have been my sufferings while separated from her." This was his only dying message; and the point he had in mind in it was, that his beloved wife might have an expression of the strength of his affection for her when far away, and as it proved, standing on the brink of eternity.

On the night of the ninth day of his sickness he became delirious, and continued so till his death, which occurred on Wednesday, January 4, the twelfth day after his attack. It is grateful to know that, in all his delirious wanderings, he uttered not a single word to be regretted. Much of the time he was preaching, exhorting, or conversing in Syriac. When spoken to by us he was characteristically gentle, and even courteous, to the last. The presence of Lucy, his daughter, usually recalled him to partial consciousness; with yearning tenderness he sometimes beckoned her near to receive a dying father's kiss, and her affectionate tones, calling *father*, were the last that he recognized.

During the last two days he was unquiet most of the time; his nervous system, which was the principal seat of his disease being greatly affected. A few moments before his death a

sudden change came over him; his features became perfectly placid, as though fanned by the wings of hovering angels; almost a smile lighted up his beaming countenance, seeming to say, "O death, where is thy sting?" And he thus gently breathed out his life—"the disciple whom Jesus loved"—leaning on His bosom, at the age of fifty-three years and not quite two months.

One of his missionary brethren commended the departing spirit to the arms of the Saviour, in his last moments, as we kneeled around his bed; after which others repeated the stanzas:

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying."

And,

"How blest the righteous when he dies;
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast."

While we all deeply felt that the chamber where the good man meets his fate *is* privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life—quite on the verge of heaven.

On the following day, January 5, funeral services were performed at Seir, by his afflicted missionary associates, both in English and in Syriac, and "devout" Nestorians "carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." He was buried on *our Mount Zion*, amid a large concourse of weepers, by the side of his infant son, bearing his own name, and near the graves of his fellow-laborers "gone before"—Stoddard, Breath and Thompson, and the Sweet Persian Flower and other children of like precious memories. Nature's snowy winding-sheet glistening over all the visible creation, save on the azure bosom of the peaceful lake, seemed but the pure emblem of that body at the resurrection, raised in incorruption, arrayed in the spotless robes of a Saviour's righteousness, and of the freed spirit already *walking in white among them that are worthy*.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in the Saviour's joy."

As he was a man greatly beloved in life, so is he correspondingly lamented in death. Deep and universal is the grief among the Nestorians, and very extensive the sorrow among the Mohammedans. As his body was being lowered into the grave, one of the most godly of the Nestorians who participated in the service, touchingly soliloquized, "The Doctor is dead, and the Nestorians die with him;" a remark which, with hardly the abatement of an Oriental figure, evinces the profoundness of the sorrow with which his loss is deplored.

A most tenderly affecting circumstance connected with his removal is the presence of his stricken daughter, far from her kindred, who made such sacrifices to accompany him to Persia. Dear orphan child! You will never regret that you did so. It was well worth all those sacrifices to have been such a comfort to the bleeding heart of such a father, and especially to have been at his side in his last sickness. You need not be told how our hearts yearn for you in your crushing bereavement. We commend you to that sympathizing Saviour who is touched with every feeling of your sorrows. Nowhere except at your own mother's side could you have such sympathy as encircles you here, not only in our mission, but also from hundreds and thousands of Nestorians. Yet how impotent is all human sympathy to fill the aching void of your desolate heart. May Jesus soothe and heal the deep wounds which His own loving hand has inflicted.

Our thoughts and our sympathies go forth most tenderly also

to that unsuspecting *widow* and those orphan children far away, to whom the tidings of this dark providence are speeding their course on the wings of the wind. May that sorely bereaved family be graciously prepared for those tidings, and fully realize in their own experience the richness of those exceeding great and precious promises of our God to the widow and the fatherless, even that He will be the widow's God, and a Father to the fatherless ones.

In our deep affliction as a bereaved mission, we have sources of comfort and cause for gratitude as well as for sorrow.

It is a matter of devout thanksgiving that God sent into the field such a laborer; spared him to our work for a quarter of a century under such unwonted toils and burdens, and enabled him to accomplish an amount of good that very seldom crowns a single missionary life.

It is a mercy and a cause for gratitude that this veteran soldier was permitted to return to the land of his missionary sacrifices, and lay down his armor on the field of conflict, and find a grave among the people of his love and his labors, as he had longed so ardently to do, having publicly expressed that desire in one of the last meetings that he attended in America.

It is a mercy and a blessing, for which we should be devoutly thankful, that another of our beloved brethren has reached heaven, leaving behind him a record and a memory, which are so priceless a legacy to the missionary cause and to the Church of Christ in the world.

But we must still sorely feel the greatness of our loss, and awake to it more and more. A heavy cloud has settled upon us, of which the unwonted dark and gloomy atmosphere at the time of his sickness and death, and for many days afterward, was but too fit an emblem. We know, indeed, that the upper surface, on which he gazes is illumed with the brightness of heaven, but to us it is most emphatically *a shadow of death.* For myself I may say that I *reel* under the severity of the blow, *leaning* as I had done on *such* a brother for twenty-five years, and that faithful and "beautiful staff" being so suddenly taken from my side; and it cannot be far otherwise with us all. Yet we will kiss the rod that inflicts this blow, severe as it is, pray-

ing that his mantle may rest upon us, and seeking so to improve the very afflictive event of his death that it may be a blessing to us, and through us to multitudes, a means of eternal life. May God quicken us in our graces, and strengthen us for our labors, and lead us, as our earthly supports are removed, to look more directly up unto the hills from whence cometh our help; and we may then hope that the cloud which has so suddenly and sorrowfully enveloped us will burst in showers os mercy and salvation, as has often been the case in our experiences of our Father's chastening hand. And may we be quickened by this solemn providence in our own preparation for death.

"Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
That keep us from our love."

As we accompanied our brother to Jordan's bank and watched the struggle of the passage, and saw the *last* enemy vanquished, and almost caught echoes of the rapturous songs of his welcome, did not our hearts longingly say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" May it be thus to us all! Amen.